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BRITAIN'S RIGHT *of* SUPREMACY *over her Colonies vindicated, and the chief American Pleas for Independency ſhewn to be either imaginary, or diſingenuous and futile.* [P. 52.]

IT is in vain to inſiſt, "that the revolted provinces are actuated ſolely by the juſt love of liberty, and the fear of being deprived of it by the parliament of Britain; who, if they have a right to take a ſingle farthing from them, without their own conſent in perſon, or by repreſentation, may take their all in the ſame manner." The reply is at hand. To argue from what is leſſer to what is greater, is contrary to all logical form and common ſenſe. Bare may-bees or poſſibilities are very unjuſt and mad foundations of rebellion and war. What may happen, may never happen. If we were to permit bare may-bees and poſſibilities to govern our conduct in ſocial and civil life, we ſhould be ſeldom found in the middle path between frantic exertion and deſponding inactivity; and univerſal folly, madneſs, and deſtruction would immediately enſue. That we may be enſlaved, though not ſo eaſily, even when we are repreſented, every page of hiſtory ſhews, while it holds up to our view the beſt repreſented and freeſt ſtates annihilated, or declining, or enſlaved by the weakneſs or wickedneſs of the repreſentatives themſelves. May Britain never make an article of ſuch a black roll! If a full and equal repreſentation is eſſential to the exiſtence and ſecurity of liberty, no truly free ſtate has ever exiſted; and Britain particularly is not a free ſtate; for, of her ſeven millions of ſubjects and upwards, only about three hundred thouſand enjoy the excluſive privilege of chuſing repreſentatives; and ſo above twice the number of the Americans are as well intitled to refuſe to be taxed as they are. It is not true that members of parliament cannot tax others without taxing themſelves; for they enjoy a freedom from paying poſtages, with ſeveral other privileges by acts of parliament that extend to themſelves only. The rebellious colonies are themſelves one undeniable inſtance of the fulleſt enjoyment of liberty and happineſs without repreſentation, from the moment of their reſpective eſtabliſhments, to that in which they took up arms againſt their

mother-country with equal folly and wickedness.

I have been informed, by very credible eye-witnesses, from the provinces that lie from Charlestown in South Carolina to Halifax in Nova Scotia, that, if the rebellious Americans had, even some time after the breaking out of the war, been divided into twenty parts, ten of these parts might very justly be put to the account of deception by false and concealed intelligence, and five to that of force and fear; that three, at least, of the remainder were enemies, and, not above two, friends to independence. Nor can it be reasonably doubted that this calculation is near the truth, if we recollect the whole currency of private intelligence from America, of the news-papers published by authority of the rebels, of the publications of the congress itself, and of the reports of the multitudes of exiles now in Britain; whom the most cruel usage or dreadful threatnings have obliged to leave their wives, their families, their all, because they would not join in this horrible rebellion. Causes cannot act before they exist themselves; and, therefore, the rebellion, having thus originated from the fraud and violence of a few designing and ambitious men, must be still attributed to these criminal and detestable causes; must still partake effectually of their guilt and turpitude. After it has been so often falsely assumed on the one side of this question, and imprudently granted on the other, that this rebellion owed its first rise to the general and free choice of America, it is thus undeniably evident, that it was the choice only of the artful, ambitious, and violent few; and that all the very popular, but deceptious arguments, founded on that false bottom, vanish with it into smoke and air.

If I am deceived by art, or forced by violence, I cannot be a free agent; I am a mere machine, the puppet slave of those who actuate me, and deprived of all liberty, whether natural, civil, moral, or religious; and this being the true portrait of the generality of the rebel Americans, to maintain that their patriot demagogues are governed solely by the love of liberty, and that they themselves possess it, is such an affront to the common sense of mankind, that language still wants words to express it. Civil liberty, in particular, lies in the centrical point, between the horrors of despotism on the one hand, and the horrors of anarchy on the other; which two extremes, like many others, are not only nearly allied to, but even often generate one another; of the two, despotism oftenest producing free constitutions, and anarchy despotic ones. A most serious and seasonable caveat this to the rebellious colonists, who were in such a compleat state of anarchy, as loudly called for Britain's interposition long before any intention of rebellion was avowed by them. To trample under foot the wisest laws, the plainest principles of equity, and the most sacred compacts; to throw away all the blessings of the free constitution of Britain, the most perfect that ever the world beheld, and to endeavour to subvert it, though it has, from its very infancy, been, even often to a degree of imprudence, the general protector of the liberties of mankind,—is not liberty, but licentious insanity almost in the extreme; such licentious insanity as can be exceeded, or equalled only by that of its British patrons.

The fears that the rebellious colonies and their friends express of Britain's taking "their all from the Americans," must be the effects of blind enthusiasm, or of artful hypocrisy; of overheated fancy, or of base disingenuity. For, before Britain could be guilty of such perfidy and folly, she must forget to view all her different provinces as forming her one great whole of dominion, or oppose the conscious duties she owes, and has hitherto faithfully performed to every part; she must change her generosity into cruelty, her free form into despotism, and her commercial views into warlike ones; she must become even so mad as, with the well known œconomist in the fable, to kill the hen that produced daily the golden egg; she must not be Britain. The whole world sees that Britain has been so far from encroaching, in the smallest degree, upon the constitutional rights of her colonies, that she has invariably taken the very reverse course, even to a degree of imprudence; that she has nursed them up with the most tender, indulgent, and expensive fondness, to such a height of commerce, wealth, and power, as now exposes herself to ridicule, resistance, defeat, and ruin.

Britain is so far from being inclinable to attack her colonies, that she is evidently deficient now in defending her rights, and herself against their attacks. The

ſtamp-act, though very conſtitutional and equal, and readily ſubmitted to by the loyal colonies, was repealed almoſt as ſoon as the rebellious ones murmured againſt it. Several other duties, formerly enacted by parliament, to be levied in America, were aboliſhed, when America was preferred to Britain by the tea-act; that required three-pence only on the pound of tea from the former, and one ſhilling ſterling from the latter; yet America, with the higheſt ingratitude and abſurdity, not only arraigned this act as moſt offenſive, but alſo perverted it into the immediate cauſe and ſignal of her rebellion. The declaratory act was paſſed under the adminiſtration of the two great patrons of America, the Marquis of Rockingham and the Duke of Grafton, and ſpoke nothing but the language of all preceding Britiſh kings and parliaments that had America for their object, and that America has moſt highly venerated. The act impoſing duties on certain and various goods imported into America, was paſſed when Lord Chatham was prime miniſter; and yet the Americans idolize him, though it is very poſſible that they may very ſoon be of the contrary opinion. All the duties that were thus laid on were aboliſhed under the miniſtry of Lord North, except the favourable one upon tea as above-mentioned; and yet the Americans have hitherto execrated him. What effect his late repeals and plans of conciliation will have upon them, time muſt ſoon tell. The reſtraining act was paſſed after the Americans had prohibited all correſpondence with Britain "upon pain of death," and repeals itſelf immediately upon their returning to their allegiance. The reſtraining, the Boſton-port, and Maſſachuſett's government acts, are moſt diſhoneſtly miſrepreſented by the Americans of both ſides of the Atlantic, as the cauſes of the American rebellion, though they were truly the effects of it; as the grounds of America's reſiſtance, tho' they were truly Britain's neceſſary acts of ſelf-defence againſt the reſiſtance which that ungrateful country had been previouſly guilty of.

The Americans neither "petitioned for redreſs in the moſt humble terms," nor were their "petitions anſwered only by repeated injuries," tho' the congreſs are pleaſed to tell the world ſo in their declaration of independence. On the contrary, their petitions were haughty, if not inſolent, and always contained claims inconſiſtent with the dignity of the crown, with the conſtitutional rights and intereſts of Britain. They rejected Lord North's firſt conciliatory motion with the moſt opprobrious contempt; a very poor encouragement to expect that an even more humiliating offer will prove more ſucceſsful; and, before they could poſſibly receive any anſwer to the laſt petition that they preſented to the king, which bears date in Auguſt 1775, before it could even poſſibly reach the throne, they committed many daring and atrocious hoſtilities againſt Britain both by ſea and land; affording thereby an undeniable proof of their own duplicity and perfidy. While it remains as uncertain that the Americans would have granted a free contribution to the general expences of the Britiſh empire, as that they would have accepted a repreſentation in parliament; ſuch a contribution muſt have been either unequable and precarious, and ſo inadmiſſible by Britain; or equable and certain, and ſo, materially, the tax that Britain demanded, the name only being changed. The rebellious colonies have given the finiſhing ſtroke to the demonſtration of the imaginary or diſingenuous nature and futility of all pretences, and conſequently of the enormous wickedneſs of the war on their ſide, by rejecting, ſo far as we yet know, Britain's every offer of terms of conciliation with increaſing ſcorn, arrogance, and obſtinacy; and by their early, and probably too ſucceſsful applications to the court of France, the irreconcileable foe of the Britiſh empire, of the Proteſtant religion, and of liberty; and the former, and probably too the future ſcourge and deteſtation of America. What then, it may be naturally aſked, could be the real chief object that induced the rebellious Americans to commence, that induce them ſtill to continue thoſe ſcenes of war, devaſtation, and horror, that overſpread their own land, and are likely to overſpread a great part of the world? It is readily anſwered, as above, nothing but their original darling plan of independence, which they had no longer either power or inclination to conceal. The further illuſtration of this anſwer, of the chief cauſes of Britain's diſappointments in her juſt attempts to quell this atrocious rebellion, and the moſt probable means of her future ſucceſs and triumph therein, ſhall probably employ a third letter from

BRITANNICUS.

MEMOIRS *of the celebrated* FREDERICK, BARON TRENCK, *who lately reſided in* London.

TRENCK was the ſon of Auguſtus Trenck, younger brother to the illuſtrious Francis Trenck, Lord of the Bedchamber to the Queen of Hungary (the preſent Empreſs of Germany), who gave ſuch ſingular proofs of his bravery, during the war of 1741, in Silefia, Auſtria, Bavaria, and other parts of the empire. Under this famous partiſan our young hero was educated.

He entered early into the emperor's ſervice, and diſtinguiſhed himſelf in ſeveral actions.—Happening to be ſent on an expedition with a foraging party, during the laſt war, near Dantzick, when he was taken priſoner by the Pruſſians, and carried to the head-quarters of the army, where the King of Pruſſia firſt ſaw him amongſt the reſt of the priſoners. His open countenance and bold behaviour ſtruck the king; and his being a very tall robuſt man was a circumſtance much in a ſoldier's favour. The monarch made ſome inquiries concerning him. Being informed that he was nephew to General Trenck, he made ſeveral advantageous offers to him to ſerve in his army.

Whether the favour with which the king received Trenck was from political motives, or owing to the fancy he took for him, is not known; but it was very certain that Trenck was admitted to ſeveral perſonal interviews, and was made a captain of a foraging party, at which time he greatly ſignalized himſelf; afterwards he was advanced to a captain of the garde de corps to the king, and lived for ſome time at Berlin, where, it was reported, he had ſome intrigues among women of the firſt nobility; but principally with a princeſs, which, there is the greateſt reaſon to apprehend, proved the grand ſource of his perſecutions, inſtead of the cauſe which they have been generally attributed to.

The cauſe of his diſgrace was thus accounted for at Vienna.—Trenck had a letter addreſſed to him from an officer at Vienna, deſiring the Baron to ſend him over ſome Holſtein horſes, and ſignifying at the ſame time the flattering expectations he might have, provided he returned to his duty.—This letter was intercepted by the King of Pruſſia, who taxed Trenck in a ſlight manner with having a connection with the Auſtrians, and at the ſame time generouſly told him, that, if he was deſirous of returning to his former ſervice, he might have his conge and his liberty.

Trenck aſſured his majeſty he had no intentions of leaving him:---it is ſaid that the king's anſwer was, "that he muſt then be upon his guard; for, if he was deceived in him, he would puniſh him with the greateſt rigour."

Some time afterwards another letter came to Trenck, the purport of which was to declare more advantageous offers to tempt him to return. Whether Trenck wrote for anſwer he would or he would not, we have not learned; but the king had both letters intercepted, which he ſhewed to Trenck, the copy of his friend's and his own, and had him immediately arreſted and confined; it was ſuppoſed, however, his intrigue with the princeſs influenced the king more than any other matter.---Thus far the Vienna account;—the following is Trenck's, viz. that not conſenting to be concerned in an affair with a great perſonage, which he deemed highly diſhonourable, and from ſome court connections and intrigues, he was arreſted and impriſoned.

It is well known, that, before Trenck was ſecured, he killed five of the guards with his own hand, and wounded ſeveral others.---He was carried away from Berlin and impriſoned at Magdeburg. When he was firſt confined, he was ſhut up in an open apartment, from which he ſoon contrived means to eſcape; by his ingenuity, he made a hole, and was near effecting it, when unfortunately a centinel, who ſtood near to the place he had broken through, ſecured, and had him returned to his former confinement. But this deſperate attempt of the baron was ſoon followed by a ſeverity which rendered him the ſubject of the diſcourſe of all Europe; he was confined afterwards in a cell only ſix feet high, and four feet ſquare, with ſeventy-eight pounds weight of chain round his neck, hands, body, and legs, with a bar of iron which went from hand to hand, ſo that when he lifted one hand the other deſcended.

After he had been ſome time confined in this narrow cell, he was viſited by a Pruſſian major, ſent by the king, to inform himſelf how the baron ſupported his impriſonment; the major aſked him, in an inſolent manner, if he had acquired ſufficient philoſophy to reconcile the puniſhment he ſuffered; Trenck, exaſpe-

rated at the inhuman behaviour of the major, told him, if his hands were at liberty, he would chaſtiſe him for his mean-ſpirited taunt; at the ſame time told him, that ſuch officers diſgraced the country they ſerved, and, to prove he had ſufficient philoſophy to brave the rigours inflicted on him by a tyrant, bade him tell his maſter that he ſpurned at every cruelty he could deviſe for him, and that he never would ſue for his liberty, or even commiſeration, from ſo unjuſt a perſecutor. The major, as Trenck ſays, returned this anſwer to the king, when the little ſtraw, which was littered down for his bed, was taken from him, and he was ever afterwards fed on a ſmall portion of bread and water, which food he exiſted upon for upwards of ſix years.

It muſt be remarked that, before Trenck had the heavy chains upon him, he was confined in the narrow cell, when he once more made a hole through the priſon in a very ſingular manner, and was very near eſcaping.---He contrived to make two apertures; the one fictitious, and the other he intended to make his eſcape through. The fictitious hole he filled with the rubbiſh out of the real one, in ſuch a manner, that, whenever his cell was viſited to ſee if any attempt had been made to break out, which happened once a month, or perhaps oftener, the guard, finding a heap of rubbiſh concealed by the looſe flag, carried it out of the priſon, and had the flag re-ſet again. This he practiſed until ſuch time as he had made his way through, when he leaped a parapet wall (by his own account) 50 feet high; but unfortunately lighting on the out-works of the fortification, where there were ſeveral ſoldiers, he was again retaken, and brought to confinement, when he had theſe heavy chains faſtened upon him.

Notwithſtanding he was to all appearance ſo ſafely ſecured, ſtill he had the ingenuity to contrive a method to pick the locks, by a key which he made from a piece of a ſoldier's broken comb, which was dropt in the priſon, with a bit of tin which had been broken off a lanthorn: the tin was the inſtrument with which he worked the comb into a key, by introducing the horn into the lock; the mark which the ward made on the comb ſerved him as a guide to work it into the form neceſſary to apply to the intricate winding of the lock, which had been invented by the moſt ſkilful artiſt in Magdeburg.

The many ingenious and ſingular inventions which the baron had contrived to break from his confinement, made the people in the country, who are very ſuperſtitious and credulous, believe that he was aſſiſted by ſome inviſible power, and they were almoſt prompted to conſider him as a martyr; which the King of Pruſſia being informed of, he was ſaid to have given orders for the execution of a criminal, who was called by the name of Trenck.—The man was actually beheaded; and it was univerſally believed, for ſeveral years, that Trenck had ſuffered; ſo that, when he obtained liberty, many of his friends could ſcarcely be made to believe, that he in reality exiſted.—By many it was ſuppoſed that this criminal was executed to hinder the interceſſion of Trenck's friends at Berlin, who were very numerous and powerful.

While he was in his cell, and ſo ſecured as to be deprived of all hopes to contrive his eſcape, he uſed to amuſe himſelf in ſinging Italian airs: a poor humane ſoldier, being pleaſed with his ſinging, exclaimed, "Sir, I am glad to hear you in ſuch ſpirits, pray ſing me the ſong over again;" which the baron accordingly did, and the ſoldier expreſſed his gratitude; but, to his great ſurpriſe and horror, Trenck found the man hanging before him the next morning; and it has been ſaid, that the body remained expoſed to his ſight until it grew exceedingly offenſive.

During the two laſt years of his confinement, he amuſed himſelf in engraving his name, &c. with a piece of flint on a flag for his tomb-ſtone, and in carving very curious deſigns on wood. Amongſt the odd things he employed himſelf in was a ſalver, which he wrought in a curious manner, embelliſhed with ſeveral ingenious pieces of poetry. This ſalver was preſented to the queen, through whoſe intereſt he got his puniſhment mitigated, and was therefore conveyed to more airy apartments.

At the concluſion of the laſt war between the Empreſs-Queen and the King of Pruſſia, Trenck's releaſe was ſtipulated in the articles of peace, when he was conducted to Vienna, and made major of cavalry in the Auſtrian army; but not being contented with the rank he received, and making ſome ſtir about the poſſeſſions of his uncle, which he looked upon as his right, and which he conteſted for, was the reaſon why he was forbid to reſide in

any of her Hungarian majesty's capital towns, especially as he had already published several sarcastic things against the clergy, and some strictures on the queen's behaviour to him.—He therefore retired to Aix la Chapelle, where he now lives, and where he publishes a pamphlet every year in German, called "the Menschen Friend, or Friend to Mankind," which inveighs strongly against all crowned heads and the clergy. By the publishing of this work, and the obstinacy of this conduct, he has destroyed all expectations of a reconciliation with the Court of Vienna.

He has now commenced Tokay merchant, and, by the interest of his friends in Hungary, where all that wine is produced, is allowed to have that of the most genuine kind.

About twelvemonths since the baron settled his brother in this branch of the wine trade in London, and resided here some time. He was constantly at the tables of people of the first rank, and returned to Aix la Chapelle highly esteemed by all his acquaintance.

His uncle, the baron, who died several years since, was so remarkable for duelling, that it is asserted he had been engaged in twenty-six encounters of that kind before he was of age. This spirit also seems, in some degree, to be possessed by the nephew, who has several times distinguished himself upon such occasions, particularly last summer, on account of a dispute with a American gentleman at Spa, whom it is said he fought three times, and at last left dead near a village in the environs of Liege.

But, not to swell these slight memoirs to the bulk of a history, we shall conclude with observing, that the baron's story affords a striking lesson to those overwhelmed with misfortune, and apparently for ever deprived of liberty, to support their spirits from sinking into a fatal despondency. Let them, like Trenck, resolute and undejected in adversity, rise superior to distresses; and struggle, like him, with difficulties, which, without such constancy and courage, they can neither resist or surmount.

An account of a remarkable Disorder which attended Lord Clarendon's *Father, and occasioned his death; from his Lordship's life, written by himself.*

FROM the time of his marriage, Mr Hyde betook himself seriously to his profession, but, in his entrance to it, met with a great mortification in the death of his father, who died while he was with him on a visit with his wife. He had long suffered under an indisposition which gave him rather frequent pains than sickness; and gave him cause to be terrified with the expectation of the stone, without being exercised with the present sense of it; but from the time he was sixty years of age, it increased very much, and four or five years before his death, with circumstances scarce heard of before, and the causes whereof are not yet understood by any physician. He was very often, both in the day and the night, forced to make water, seldom in any quantity, because he could not retain it long enough; and in the close of that work, without any sharp pain in those parts, he was still and constantly seized by so sharp a pain in the left arm, for half a quarter of an hour, or near so much, that the torment made him as pale (whereas he was otherwise of a very sanguine complexion) as if he were dead; and he used to say, "That he had passed the pangs of death, and he should die in one of those fits." As soon as it was over, which was quickly, he was the chearfullest man living, eat well such things as he could fancy, walked, slept, digested, conversed with such promptness and vivacity upon all arguments (for he was *omnifariam doctus*), as has been seldom known in a man of his age; but he had the image of death so constantly before him in those continued torments, that, for many years before his death, he always parted with his son, as to see him no more; and at parting still shewed him his will, discoursing very particularly and very chearfully of all things he would have performed after his death.

He had for some time resolved to leave the country where he resided, and to spend the remainder of his days in Salisbury: accordingly he came to Salisbury on the Friday before Michaelmas-day, in the year 1632. The next day he was so wholly taken up in receiving visits, that he walked very little out of his house. The next morning, being Sunday, he rose very early, and went to two or three churches, and when he returned, which was by eight of the clock, he told his wife and his son, "That he had been to look out a place to be buried in, but found none against which he had not some exception, the cathedral only ex-

cepted; where he had made choice of a place near a kinſman of his own name, and had ſhewed it to the Sexton, for whom he had ſent for that purpoſe; and wiſhed them to ſee him buried there." And this with as much compoſure of mind as if it had made no impreſſion on him. He went to the cathedral to ſermon, and ſpent the whole day in as chearful converſation with his friends (ſaving only the frequent interruption his infirmity gave him once in two or three hours) as a man in the moſt confirmed health could do.

On Monday, which was Michaelmas-day, he went in the morning to viſit his brother Sir Laurence Hyde, who was making a journey in the ſervice of the king, and from him went to the church to a ſermon, where he found himſelf a little preſſed as he uſed to be, and therefore thought fit to make what haſte he could to his houſe; and was no ſooner come thither, in a lower room, than, having made water, and the pain in his arm ſeizing him, he fell down dead, and left his ſon in inexpreſſible agony for the loſs.

A LETTER *from a young* GENTLEMAN *on his Travels.*

Paris this eleventh day of October.

WORSHIPFUL SIR,

THIS is not forgetting my reſpects to my loving mother and our Margery. When we came over the ſea from Harwich, it raged like any mad, and I caſt up all that was within me. I was very ſick indeed; that I was—But I had kept the kneat's tongue which my mother put into my pocket at parting, the laſt thing ſhe did, and every now and then I nibbled a bit on't, to keep the wind out of my ſtomach, as mother ſaid I ſhould.

Our John, that you put in livery for me, takes great care of me, as mother bid him; he lies with me every night. I met Mr Stopcock at the Hague; you know he was once our exciſeman at Ar—d—l; and he and I drank a bottle together. And moreover than that, I met Will Runnit, who left our pariſh a great while ago, and was a trooper. He now ſells waſh-balls at Amſterdam, and he and I cracked a bottle too. I keeps none but the beſt of company, and our John is never from me.

I never ſaw ſo many rivers in any county in England where I have been, as there is in Holland; but we have more timber growing than they have, and we have ſweeter butter, eſpecially in the May month, and our John ſays the ſame. They tell me there is not a biſhop in Holland, and I did not ſo much as ſee one ſurplice in it; ſo you may gueſs, father, whether they be Chriſtians. The people be for ever doing ſomething; ſo don't ſuppoſe they keep the Sabbath, and our John is of the ſame mind.

When I came into Popiſh countries, there I met with cathedrals again, many's the one, of which I was very glad on't, and ſo was our John. But, when I went into them at firſt, I would not d'off my hat, becauſe they belonged to Popiſh idolatry: 'till at laſt a fat parſon, without either a ſhirt or a pair of ſhoes, and a rope about his middle, looked grievous angry, and gabbled at me in the outlandiſh tongue, as much as to ſay, "pull off your hat;" and I was fraid he would do me a miſchief, and ſo I did ſo—But, however, I told him, "my father had as good an eſtate as he, and he was a juſtice of peace into the bargain." This I believe frightened him; and, beſides our John ſtood behind me all the while with his fiſt clinched; and ſo the fat parſon ſhabbed off, and there was no danger.

You can't imagine, father, and no more can mother, what huge large wax candles they uſe here in Popiſh countries, upon their altars. I warrant every one of them has five pounds of tallow in it. Our John ſays he never ſaw the like, though he travelled once before, when he was at the Iſle of Man. The Papiſhes have their common-prayer book all in Latin, which I tells them is a burning ſhame, and perſuades them to be of the church of England; but I find they don't value our church no more than nothing, and the Preſbyterians be little better; ſo I can hardly meet with a Chriſtian in theſe outlandiſh countries.

Since I came from home, I have ſeen, among other ſtrange ſights, one man plowing with one horſe; which to be ſure ſaves a number of money. I wiſh, father, you had as much ſenſe in England. Our John will try to do it when we come home, if you will ſubmit yourſelf to be adviſed by him and me.

The French folks don't live ſo well as we do in England, and our beef is fatter than theirs by at leaſt an inch on the rib, and they never make any pudding at all.

But they eat frogs like any mad, and the devil and all of onions. Our John is heart-sick of their diet. Though their churches be very brave and neat, yet I like nothing in them, but the organs and the ringing of bells; and all the rest is Popish idolatry. In Holland, the church established by law is all dissenters and Presbyterians, and so I did not go to church because they be all Schismatics, which is as bad as Popish idolatry, and our John does not like either of them.

This big town of Paris is a main big town, and has a power of hackney-coaches in it. My cloaths with the silver buttons is as fresh as if I had put it on but yesterday, as our John can tell. I wore it two days ago at a ball, where there was a good many fine folks; but I find they don't know much of country dances here; for when I called for Moll Placket, and afterwards for Burrow Fair, the fiddlers knew nothing of them, and no more did not the company. There was a colonel there that looked very hard at me; I doubted he was going to press me for a trooper, and so I stole softly down stairs, and run home, and our John with me, as hard as we could drive. So no more at present from,

Worshipful Father, &c.

OLIVER GAPE.

Arguments proving that a Musical Ear is not necessary to an Orator.

PERMIT me to offer to the notice of you, and the world, my sentiments, in the discussion of what I will venture to call a popular error; I mean the supposed necessity of a good ear, or taste for music, in order to form an orator. Now, my opinion is, that an ability in the art of speaking well, is perfectly consistent with the want of taste, or what is commonly called a bad ear for music.

I have often heard persons of much discernment, and sound judgment in other things, declare themselves in the contrary sentiment, and assert the necessary union of these two qualifications, with an air of assurance, as if they forbid all controversy about it, and esteemed your very doubts ridiculous. Certainly scarce any thing is more absurd than to be positive in favour of conclusions, of which we have not well weighed and settled the arguments by proof: and our mistakes and prejudices will ever remain as they are, unless we strive to acquire just distinctions of things, to keep our ideas of their names and natures clear and distinct, and adapt them with propriety to the several subjects of their application.

I am free to ascribe it to the want of this clearness and precision in their ideas, that people have often confounded the notion of musical harmony with that of the voice in speaking; since it is very evident, that the harmony of music is one thing, and the harmony of cadences, elevation, &c. in the art of speaking, is quite another: the objects of each are essentially different, and therefore no wonder the characters are so too.

Now, the object of a musical taste is the disposition of notes, which consist in a technical arrangement of concords and discords. But neither the knowledge of this arrangement in so high a degree of proficiency, as to comprehend musical composition, nor yet in a much lower degree of it, can be in any sense necessary to form an orator.—We may advance yet farther, that even the possession of a common ear for, and discernment of, music, so as to sing an ordinary song, is by no means an indispensible qualification for the art of fine speaking: since of this case there are abundance of living examples, to quote which were but to use *in re non dubia testibus non necessariis*.

But though our orator may be deficient in this qualification, yet he is, without doubt, thoroughly acquainted with the distinction of sounds, in point of strength, cadence, elevation, roughness, &c. And this degree of discernment in sounds is implanted in all men, and an appendage of nature itself; and is just the meaning of that common remark, "That all men have some natural taste for music." But is not this extremely different from a combination of musical notes, and the notion of it? from such an arrangement, disposition and proportion, as is the result of a studied acquirement? Is it not extremely different from even the airs of a common song, the lowest degree of the art of music or harmony? Now, the wrong association of these two ideas (viz. of the tones necessary in the art of speaking, and the art of music) appears to me to have prompted the mistake, which imagines the art of eloquence to depend, in some measure, upon the knowledge of the one, because so essentially concerned in modifications of the other.

Let me add to this, that the instru-

ments of their application are as different as the things themſelves.—The one is addreſſed to the underſtanding by the force of language, emphaſis of expreſſion, ſtrength of figures, ſublimity of thought; the other by a complication of airs alone, in point of the ſtrength or ſoftneſs, quickneſs or ſlowneſs, and various diſpoſitions of the ſound.

Should it be objected, that human nature is ſuſceptible of impreſſions from muſic; that perſons of no taſte therein do often thrill with the notes of harmony——

This we ſhall not wonder at, if we conſider the conſonancy, which is acknowledged to ſubſiſt between ſtrings of muſic in tenſion, and the nerves and fibres of the human ſyſtem, the latter of which often operates in correſpondence with the former, and that only in a mechanical and involuntary manner; and therefore it is no poſitive argument of a taſte, or judgment therein.

As to the mixture of muſic uſual with the ancients in exhibiting their compoſitions upon the ſtage, let it be noted, that it was very different from our common practice of ſinging muſic; for it wanted the airs of recitative, had no diviſions, no trills, no muſical graces properly ſo called; and was no more than a rhythmical method of ſpeaking with grace and propriety. Even in the caſe of poetry itſelf, ſhould we pronounce the lines with an air of muſical chant, as ſome people do, how ridiculous would be the expreſſion! the numbers, *neither ſaid nor ſung*, would convey neither muſic to the ear, nor ſenſe to the underſtanding. What poſſible air of muſic is there neceſſary, to pronounce the firſt ſpeech of Cato, in the tragedy ſo called, "Fathers, we once, &c." It is ſo ſolemn and ſententious, one clauſe in a verſe, and withal ſo formal and grave, that the application of any muſic thereto would but debaſe its beauty, and ſink the majeſty of the poem. It were eaſy to apply this remark to every ſtrain of eloquence, and ſhew the incompetency of muſic in yielding any aſſiſtance to its expreſſion and pronunciation: for, in a word, as the beauty of fine writing conſiſts in propriety of ſentiment, ſo the beauty of fine ſpeaking conſiſts in propriety of ſpeaking, not of ſinging.

Yours, &c.

PHILOLOQUUS.

Remarks on great Wits; with Anecdotes of Mr FOOTE.

To the PUBLISHER *of the* WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

WHEN once any great man becomes remarkable for witticiſms, they are too good to be confined to the circle of his acquaintances. His puns, *bon mots*, &c. muſt be tranſmitted to every corner of the kingdom. In conſequence of which, we have in our periodical publications a number of inſipid trifles, dignified with the names of ſome great men, which probably were very *good things* when told by the perſons themſelves; but the *wit* unluckily tranſpires ſo much in the *telling of them again*, that I apprehend the perſons to whoſe names they are affixed, would be aſhamed to own them, ſhould they happen afterwards to ſee them in print. Thoſe who *retail* them are, however, generally pretty ſafe as to the laſt circumſtance; as they commonly let the public have ſuch as are told by perſons whom they are ſure cannot *ſee* them: Beſides, they know that poſthumous productions are what the preſent age will ſwallow, how dull ſoever they may be. For a confirmation of this, I need only mention the late Earl of Cheſterfield and Mr Foote.—They were, I believe, both very famous in the department of wit, though I confeſs, I have very often heard an illiterate peaſant ſay much better things than what is repeatedly told of either of them.

I own I am much taken with the wit of a man, who by it gives an indication of his being poſſeſſed of a good heart. This unluckily, however, ſeldom falls to the ſhare of ſuch gentlemen. It is a trite obſervation, that ſuch perſons will rather loſe their friend than their jeſt. Mr Foote, with whoſe *bon mots* we have of late been ſo liberally ſupplied, falls much, from any thing I could ever learn, under this laſt predicament, if we except the ſtory of the exciſe officer [Vol. xxxix p. 62.] Circumſtances are told of him which ſhow that he was *ungrateful* in an uncommon degree. As an inſtance—His having taken off in one of his pieces the gentleman whoſe humanity ſupported him, and kept him in his houſe, at a time when his extravagance had ſo much reduced him that he had no reſidence of his own.

Another example of his ingratitude ap-

pears in a ſtory that is told of him, after the ſeaſon he had been at Edinburgh.—Being one evening in a tavern in London with ſome gentlemen, he was going on at the expence of poor Scotland in his uſual ſarcaſtic manner, and vilifying every thing either of the produce, or what was otherwiſe to be had in it: Upon which, a Scots gentleman, who happened to be in company, ſays to him; "Sir, I believe it is generally allowed that our *port* is excellent"---"Your *port*!" ſays Foote, with a ſupercilious ſneer, "why I believe my *ſervants* ſometimes tell me it is *tolerable*." So much for his bad heart.

I ſhall now preſent you with an anecdote, which is perhaps one of the beſt that is told of him, as it ſhows, in a ſtriking manner, the *readineſs* of his wit; beſides, I hope it will ſcreen me from the imputation of having ſuch a diſpoſition as I have been juſt now deſcribing, by ſhowing that I do not like to dwell always upon the bad qualities of a perſon.

It is notorious that in all his pieces he conſtantly, at leaſt for the moſt part, repreſented *living* characters. Perhaps ſome whom he thus made the butt of his ridicule deſerved it; though it is well known that he uſed ſeveral people ſo, who were, in every point of view, reſpectable characters. But to proceed—I am not poſitively ſure, but I believe it was General Wade, whoſe manner he hit off ſo exactly in one of his performances, that it was an eaſy matter for every one who knew him to apply it. The General, upon getting notice of the inſult, ſent for Foote to his lodgings. He had no ſooner taken his ſeat, than the General in a peremptory manner thus addreſſed him. "Sir, I demand *immediate* ſatisfaction, in conſequence of being credibly informed that you have *taken me off* in one of your pieces."---"I have not to my *knowledge* done ſo, ſays Foote; but it happens frequently that I take off people's manner, without knowing any thing about them. I often take off myſelf, and, if you pleaſe to have a little patience, I ſhall ſhow you a ſpecimen of it."---"Do ſo then," replied the General: upon which our modern Ariſtophanes ſnatches up his hat, and cane, and marches out at the room-door. He, however, not appearing ſo ſoon as the General naturally expected, he rung up one of his ſervants, and aſked if Mr Foote was below. The anſwer was, "He was a good while ſince gone out of the houſe." Orators and poets are ſeldom good ſwords-men; witneſs Demoſthenes and Horace, men too great, I confeſs, to be brought on the carpet with the hero of the above anecdotes.

Banks of Air, Yours, &c.
April 20. 1778. A PLEBEIAN.

The Advantage of conſidering the End of all our Actions.

IT is from the principles of virtue and religion only, that mankind can be chearful in poſſeſſing life, and eaſy in the reſignation of it. Theſe principles will lead every perſon into a conſideration of his actions, and make life, while it laſts, to be more uniform and conſiſtent; and the conſidering the end of our actions will teach us what to chuſe, or what to avoid, as it favours or oppoſes our purſuit of virtue.

I ſhall add to this advice of "conſidering the end of our actions," a pleaſing ſtory from the Turkiſh Tales, which may convey a moral truth in a ſtronger manner to the mind, than may be done by dry arguments and reaſoning.

A certain Cham of Tartary going a progreſs with his nobles, was met on the way by a Derviſe, who cried with a loud voice:---"Whoever will give me an hundred pieces of gold, I'll give him a piece of advice;" the Cham had a curioſity to know what he meant, and ordered him the ſum; the Derviſe ſaid, "Begin nothing of which thou haſt not well conſidered the end."

The courtiers, upon hearing his plain ſentence, ſmiled, and ſaid with a ſneer, "The Derviſe was well paid for his maxim." The king reproved them, and was ſo well ſatisfied with the anſwer, that at his return he ordered the words to be written in letters of gold in ſeveral places of his palace, and engraved on all his plate. Not long after in a conſpiracy, the King's ſurgeon was bribed to kill the King with a poiſoned lancet, at the time he let him blood. One day, when the King's arm was bound, the fatal lancet in the ſurgeon's hand, and he juſt going to prick his maſter, he read on the baſon, ---"Begin nothing of which thou haſt not well conſidered the end."---He immediately ſtarted, and let the lancet fall out of his hand: the king obſerved his confuſion, and inquired the reaſon; the ſurgeon fell proſtrate on his face, confeſſed the whole affair, and was pardoned; the conſpirators died. The Cham

ordered ſearch to be made for the Derviſe, and turning to thoſe courtiers who heard the advice with contempt, told them, "That counſel could not be too much valued, which had ſaved a King's life."

Curious PROPOSALS *for a* TAX *upon* DOGS.

NOT to make any invidious or malicious reflections (for the ſake of peace and quietneſs) upon the preſent ſtate of affairs, by murmuring, "that we are grievouſly *oppreſſed* and *ſaddled* with an almoſt inſupportable load of *taxes*, &c." But amidſt that great number of them, which, I hope, is chearfully and willingly paid by us all, I have often wondered why the *tax* upon *dogs*, which in our preſent neceſſities may perhaps be found a point worthy the attention of the *legiſlature*, has never yet been accompliſhed; I think it has been more than once upon the anvil, and that very lately too, within theſe two or three years paſt; but whether our great folks, *wiſely* conſidering that it too nearly affected themſelves, and wanting the true *patriotic* ſpirit of the *old Romans*, have retarded its taking place, or, whether it might be thought inſufficient to raiſe any conſiderable ſum, or, whatever may have been the cauſe, ſurely, if the *Britiſh ſenate* would but exert itſelf in *taxing* things which are more for ornament and diverſions than real uſe, as indeed they have laudably done as to *coaches*, *plate*, &c. I ſee no reaſon why the *tax* upon *dogs* might not alſo take place, and be of ſome ſervice, however ſmall. But, however, to prevent miſtakes, I would not be underſtood to mean that all *dogs* indiſcriminately ſhould be liable to the following *tax*, ſuch as great yard *dogs* belonging to farmers, tanners, and thoſe uſed by warreners, or any ſuch as are of ſervice to mankind, for the killing of vermin, and the ſafety of their houſes and effects: But, pray, Sir, would it not be of ſome conſiderable advantage to the nation, and, at the ſame time, doing honour to themſelves, as their readineſs would declare a noble *public ſpirit*, if our *legiſlature* was to lay the following *tax* upon every *pack* of *dogs*, ſince it may reaſonably be ſuppoſed, that every nobleman, or gentleman, that can afford to keep a *pack*, can very well afford to pay that *tax*; if not, let him give them away to thoſe that can, or diſpoſe of them to the beſt advantage to *pay* his *debts* withal, and learn to live *quietly* and *honeſtly* within the limits of his income.—The advantages of this *tax* are too many to be dwelt upon at large. However, let us conſider ſome of them, by which means they, as well as the neceſſity of it, will ſoon appear. In our preſent exigencies for the public ſervices of the nation, it may be, I humbly preſume, of no inconſiderable advantage; I mean if it is laid on in the following manner, and provided it is *judiciouſly* and *honeſtly* applied. It will cauſe the demolition of vaſt numbers of uſeleſs *dogs* which are really of no other ſervice but to plague and devour us, and therefore are much better hanged out of the way: And as old maids and bachelors, and old women, are too apt to be ſuperſtitiouſly fearful, it will ſoon rid our towns and villages of thoſe *death-ſounding dogs* howling under their windows, and thereby terrifying ſuch *harmleſs* and *inoffenſive* people. It will alſo happily prevent a great number of *dogs* going mad, the dreadful effects of which too many have already felt, and do perhaps at this preſent time unhappily feel, for want of this ſalutary *tax*. We are told, Sir, in hiſtory, "That Solon, the famous Athenian lawgiver, made a law about hurts and injuries from beaſts, in which he commanded the maſter of any *dog* that bit a man, to deliver him up chained to a yoke of four cubits;" (ſomething like making him ſtand on the pillory); and no doubt but this pleaſant device for people's ſecurity gave the *dog* fair play for his life, to ſee if he had the ſymptoms of madneſs upon him, and then to diſpatch him directly. We are told again in the ſame hiſtory, "that the Grecians, in their luſtrations, or ſacrifices of purging their cities, carried out *dogs*, and made very great uſe of that ceremony, which they called *the ſacrificing a dog*." I think the revival of ſuch a ceremony as this would be of great ſervice towards leſſening the number of uſeleſs *dogs* in thoſe places, where, if I am rightly informed, there is one week in the year, called *Purgation Week*.

Suppoſe then, Sir, upon that occaſion, proper officers were appointed to ſacrifice as many *dogs* as there are days in the year, would not this be of ſome ſmall ſervice? Provided, I ſay, that our *legiſlature* do not think fit to levy this uſeful *tax*. Not to mention, Sir, how ſer-

viceable it would be to the ſafety of travellers along the roads, and eſpecially country villages, in which every now and then a ſnarling, ill-natured cur, is popping out upon their horſes' heels; and this often to the damage of the rider, who, it is well for him, if he eſcapes breaking a leg or an arm, the conſequence of which has been death; of this alſo we have had too many unfortunate inſtances. Beſides, Sir, it is plain how little regard is paid in theſe times, by people in general, to that ſtrict order and decorum which ought ever to be obſerved in the worſhip of GOD in his holy temples, but eſpecially by the officers appointed for that purpoſe. Indeed I believe, they are far ſtricter in this point in the churches of London, where the DEITY ſeems to be *worſhipped* much more *in the beauty of holineſs*, even as to minute circumſtances. But let any one go into our country churches, nay, even thoſe of our large towns (where one might reaſonably expect, from the clerks and ſextons, much greater decency and ſilence preſerved), and ſee how ſhamefully *dogs* are ſuffered, not only to drive to and fro, to the hazard of throwing down old women and children, but to commit ſuch ſcandalous indecencies for which they would very juſtly get a good knock on the ſkull in a back kitchen. I have been ſo often, Sir, a diſagreeable eye witneſs of theſe things, ſuffered by the ſhameful negligence of church-wardens, in not ſeverely reprimanding the proper officers, that I have been ſometimes afraid that we ſhould permit the revival of the old Egyptian idolatry in our churches; nay, worſe; for though the *Aborigine Egyptians* dealt much in *Polytheiſm*, yet they worſhipped only one figure under the image of a dog, which, I think, they called *Cuuphis* or *Anubis*: Whereas with us, though *dogs* are as yet only *idolized* by fine ladies and lady-like gentlemen, in parlours and bed-chambers, yet if this ſalutary *tax* does not ſoon take place, and, as it is too fatally felt how far the ſpirit of irreligion and profaneneſs is gone forth into the *great world*, who knows but that this *precious relique* of Egyptian idolatry may get footing in our churches, and we may yet live to ſee, what our modern infidels, and fine gentry, think would make a very pretty appearance, as, in their opinion, it would quite compleat the ſymmetry of the piece; viz. "This Egyptio-Phœnician god *Anubis*, in the ſhape of a man with a *dog's* head (as may be ſeen in a coin of the emperor Julian), placed on the top of the *decalogue*, as a creſt between Moſes and Aaron, the two ſupporters; and this, I ſuppoſe, they would look upon, in this attitude, as a fit *companion* (as the painters ſay) for the *king's arms*. I have ſtill ſome further obſervations to make upon this uſeful *tax*, relating to *lap-dogs*, &c. under which head it would not at all be amiſs for our *legiſlature* to include *parrots*, *monkeys*, and another ſpecies of *dogs* called *ſad dogs*, whom it would be a glorious thing for the *parliament* to tax at 100l. *per ann.* as it would make good huſbands, fathers, friends, &c. I ſhall conclude with a ſerious addreſs to the good people of England, hoping that they have yet ſome ſenſe of religion, virtue and honeſty left them; though I doubt, if they do not mend ſoon, I muſt give them quite over; and am,

SIR, Yours, &c.
PHILO PATRIÆ.

The TAX *upon* DOGS, &c. *modeſtly and humbly offered to the conſideration of the preſent Seſſions.*

	l.	*s.*	*d.*
Every pack of ſtag, buck, or fox hounds, *per ann.*	10	0	0
Ditto of harriers	5	0	0
Pointers and ſetting *dogs*	1	10	0
Greyhounds and ſpaniels	1	0	0
Common *dogs*	0	10	0
Lap *dogs*	2	10	0
Parrots	1	10	0
Monkeys	5	0	0
SAD DOGS.	100	0	0

A *ſimple and effectual Remedy for the* CRAMP.

I THINK myſelf obliged (though no phyſician, yet as a friend to human nature) to offer my aſſiſtance in preſcribing a remedy for that inſupportable malady the cramp. Having experienced the ſevereſt calamities attending this diſorder in my own perſon, I was forced at laſt to have recourſe to a gentleman of medical ſkill, from whom I learned that the cramp was a ſpaſm, and to be cured only by a courſe of ſpaſmodic medicines. A courſe of medicines is to me an idea equally ſhocking with that of any diſorder whatſoever. I determined therefore to apply my cloſeſt attention in inveſtigating the nature of this diſeaſe, hoping to diſ-

cover ſome more immediate and leſs offenſive remedy.

I began with enquiring what kind of people are ſubject to the cramp; imagining that if theſe people all agreed in one common and remarkable character, that character muſt be the very point or center on which this diſorder turns. The reſult was, that people afflicted with the cramp may be divided into three claſſes: 1. Aged. 2. Sickly people of all ages. 3. Thoſe who have been fatigued with exerciſe. The common character in which all theſe agree is relaxed fibres. But here it will be objected, that the cramp is a contracted, not a relaxed ſtate of the muſcular ſyſtem, and this is true; yet as contraries frequently generate each other, ſo this contraction of the muſcles is entirely owing to an undue relaxation, or, as they ſay, want of tone in the fibres, of which they are compoſed. For thereby the circulating fluid being obſtructed in its courſe, the diameter of the veſſels becomes greatly diſtended, the conſequence of which is a proportionable diminution of their length, a contraction of the part, or, in other words, the cramp. This is not mere hypotheſis, but ſubject to ocular demonſtration. For examine any part lately affected, and you will find there a tumefied tendon. The cauſe then being thus diſcovered, the remedy is obvious. Brace up the veſſels, ſtrengthen their ſides, reſtore their tone in order to promote a due circulation of the fluids; in plain Engliſh, tie your garter tightly round the part affected, and you may defy the cramp.

If this remedy proves effectual, I hope your correſpondents will give me the ſatisfaction of knowing it, by your aſſiſtance; and I do aſſure them it has never once failed me. I ſhall, in my turn, be greatly indebted to any one who is charitable enough to publiſh an eaſy remedy for flatulency, or wind in the ſtomach; a complaint extremely troubleſome, and I obſerve very common. I have attended diligently to every thing I eat or drink to very little purpoſe, though ſtale malt liquors, I think, do increaſe the complaint. Three cups of ſtrong coffee are to me an infallible remedy for its worſt ſymptom, the headach. As this diſorder gathers ſtrength in proportion as we advance in years, I impute it to obſtructed perſpiration.

Yours, &c.

VETULA.

To the PUBLIC.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

MONSIEUR du de la Papillota, merchant, peruke-maker, hair-cutter, and friſſeur, late pupil to the celebrated artiſt, the Sieur Latoupe, at Paris; now begs leave to adverti ſe you, that being animated by the riſing taſte of the gentry of this kingdom, he is reſolved to abandon his native country, and ſettle in London; where he propoſes to be before the cloſe of the parliament. His innate modeſty would fain caſt a veil over his accompliſhments; but juſtice conſtrains him to publiſh them for the benefit of mankind, and the good of the public, which obliges him to inform you, that he fabricates all kinds of perukes for churchmen, lawyers, phyſicians, military, mercantile, and country gentlemen, in a moſt new, exquiſite, curious, and extraordinary taſte. As, for example, to eccleſiaſtical perukes, he gives a certain demure ſanctified air; he confers on the tye-wigs of the law an appearance of great ſagacity, and deep penetration; on thoſe of the faculty of phyſic he caſts a ſolemnity and gravity, that ſeems equal to the profoundeſt knowledge. His military ſmarts are mounted in a curious manner, quite unknown to every artiſt but himſelf. He throws into them what he calls the *animating buckle*, which gives the wearer a moſt warlike fierceneſs. He has likewiſe invented a ſpecies of major or brigadier, for the better ſort of citizens and tradeſmen, which, by a tail to them, that may be taken off or put on at pleaſure, may ſerve extremely well when they do duty in the militia. He alſo flatters himſelf upon hitting the taſte of the country-gentlemen and fox-hunters, by his ſhort cut bobs of nine hairs of a ſide.

For gentlemen of the *Beau-monde*, whoſe taſte and talents lie in dreſs, he prepares perukes friſed in the following taſte and faſhion, all which are now worn at Paris, viz. En Aile de Pigeon, a la Comette, a la Choux Fleur, a l'Oiſeau Royal, en Eſcalier, en Echelle, en Broſſe, en dos de Sanglier, a la Temple, a la Rhinoceros, en patte de loup Garotte, a la Saxe, a la Dragone, en Roſe, en Bequille, en Negligé, a la Chancellerie, a face Coupee, en long, en bouche demy Naturelle, en Chaine, a la Bordage, en bouche detachee, a la Jenſeniſen point, en Eſcargot, en grain d'Epinards, en Cul

d' Artichaut, &c. &c. &c. * For young gentlemen of the law, who are not troubled with much practice, he has invented a peruke, the legs of which may be put into a fmart bag, during the vacation, and which in term-time may be reſtored to its priſtine form. He intends to keep from two or three hundred of this ſort, always in readineſs to let out to hire occaſionally.

He alſo makes white woolen bobs, which ſit as cloſe as night caps, very proper to be worn by young perſons of diſtinction, either when they chuſe to mount the coach-box, or walk in the morning like their footmen in dihabille, with an oaken club in their hands. For ſuch as love to ſave their caſh, he will have perukes made of calves-tails, which he engages will laſt a long time; this kind (as there is but very little profit to be had by them) he only makes to oblige the fathers of ſuch young ſparks who honour him with their cuſtom.

He aſſures the public that there are but few conditions in life who may not reap a ſenſible benefit by his labours, as many of his cuſtomers have experienced; having by the diverſity of his perukes contributed greatly to advance the affairs and intereſt of the wearers; for all the world muſt allow, that it is neceſſary to have a man's head put in proper order for buſineſs, to have an affair terminate happily.

He dreſſes, curls and frizes hair in the moſt elegant taſte, either for ladies or gentlemen, and to prevent loſs of time at the toilette (a conſequence which may at firſt be complained of, but which cuſtom will render in a ſhort time as familiar as in France, where they give up the whole morning to ſo neceſſary a duty), he has by long ſtudy and labour diſcovered and invented a commodious machine, called a *night baſket*, by which ladies and gentlemen may have their heads dreſſed, while they divert themſelves at cards, without loſs of time; this baſket being conſtructed on mathematical principles, is fitted on the inſide with ſeveral iron points covered with velvet, that attract the hair (it being firſt oiled and powdered with loadſtone duſt), and friſes it into the form of the inſide of the baſket, which is molded into the taſte of a *tete de Mouton*, and all the other moſt faſhionable ſhapes now in vogue: the ſaid points preſerve the buckles in admirable ſymmetry, and the velvet being dipped in a ſoporiferous liquor, contributes greatly to comfort the brain, and bring on ſleep, provided the wearer has not had an ill run at cards.

He has an admirable ſecret to colour all kinds of hair on the head, and give it any tint the wearer pleaſes; and this he performs without the uſe of lead-combs, mercury, or any outward application whatſoever; for as all naturaliſts allow the hair to be only certain tubes, which take their colour according to the quality of the juice with which they are nouriſhed, he has invented a ſyringe, with which he injects the hair with a liquor of the colour the perſon chuſes to have, or that which may happen to be moſt in the mode: this method being dear, is but little uſed in France; the people of that nation, though they love to ſhine, love to do it at a cheap rate; on the contrary, the generoſity of the Engliſh, and their contempt of money, is well known; the fame thereof is ſpread to Paris: ſo that the artiſt flatters himſelf, his noble deſigns will meet with the countenance and protection of a people celebrated for their attachment to the *beaux arts*. This liquor is perfectly innocent, and might be a means of conveying ſeveral ſupplies to the internal organs of ſenſation; but he leaves this as a hint to be proſecuted by the gentlemen of the faculty; and tho' he boaſts himſelf a Barber-ſurgeon of the honourable fraternity of *St Come* at Paris, he does not mean to incroach on the upper branch of a profeſſion in which he has only the honour to be an underſtrapper.

* Though the above are truly technical terms in the peruke-maker's art, we ſhall endeavour, for the ſake of our country readers, to tranſlate them.—The pigeon's wing, the comet, the cauly-flower, the royal bird, the ſtair-caſe, the ladder, the tuth, the wild boar's back, the temple, the rhinoceros, the corded wolf's paw, Count Saxe's mode, the ſhe-dragon, the roſe, the crutch, the negligee, the chancellary, the cut-bob, the long-bob, the half-natural, the chain-buckle, the corded-buckle, the detached or horſe buckle, the lanſenet-bob, the drop-wig, the ſnail-buckle, the ſpringe-feed, the artichoke, &c. &c. &c.

BON MOT.

THE Duke of N————d being lately rallied by an intimate acquaintance, when his match would take place with Miſs J——, the duke quickly replied, "Not till I am firſt *divorced* from the gout."

POETRY.

Ode to Melancholy.

By John Ogilvie, M. A. *Author of* Rona.

HAIL, queen of thought ſublime! propitious power,
Who o'er th' unbounded waſte art joy'd to roam,
Led by the moon, when at the diſtant hour
Her pale rays tremble thro' the duſky gloom.

O bear me, goddeſs, to thy peaceful ſeat,
Whether to Hecla's cloud-wrapt brow convey'd,
Or lodg'd where mountains ſereen thy deep retreat,
Or wand'ring wide thro' Chili's boundleſs ſhade;

Say, rove thy ſteps o'er Lybia's naked waſte,
Or ſeek ſome diſtant ſolitary ſhore,
Or on the Andes' topmoſt mountain plac'd,
Doſt ſit, and hear the ſolemn thunder roar?

Fix'd on ſome hanging rocks projected brow,
Hear'ſt thou low murmurs from this diſtant dome?
Or ſtray thy feet where pale dejected woe
Pours her long wail from ſome lamented tomb!

Hark! yon deep echo ſtrikes the trembling ear! (pole,
See night's dun curtain wraps the darkſome
O'er heav'n's blue arch yon rolling worlds appear,
And rouſe to ſolemn thought th' aſpiring ſoul.

O lead my ſteps beneath the moon's dim ray,
Where Tadmor ſtands all-deſert and alone,
While from her time-ſhook towers the bird of prey
Sounds thro' the night her long-reſounding moan.

Or bear me far to yon bleak diſmal plain,
Where full-ey'd tigers all-athirſt for blood,
Howl to the deſart;—while the horrid train
Roams o'er the wild where once great Babel ſtood.

That queen of nations! whoſe ſuperior call
Rous'd the broad eaſt, and bid her arms deſtroy,
When warm'd to mirth; let judgment mark her fall,
And deep reflection daſh the cup of joy.

Short is ambition's gay deceitful dream,
Tho' wreaths of blooming laurel bind her brow,
Calm thought diſpels the viſionary ſcheme,
And time's cold breath diſſolves the with'ring bough.

Slow as ſome miner ſaps th' aſpiring tower,
When working ſecret with deſtructive aim,
Unſeen, unheard, this moves the ſtealing hour,
But works the fall of empire, pomp, and name.

Then let thy pencil mark the traits of man,
Full in the draught be keen-ey'd Hope pourtray'd,
Let flutt'ring Cupids crowd the glowing plan,
Then give one touch, and daſh it deep with ſhade.

Beneath the plume that flames with glancing rays
Be Care's deep engines on the ſoul impreſt,
Beneath the helmet's keen refulgent blaze,
Let Grief ſit pining in the canker'd breaſt.

Let Love's gay ſons, a ſmiling train, appear,
With beauty pierc'd, yet heedleſs of the dart; (near,
While, cloſely couch'd, pale ſick'ning Envy
Whets her fell ſting, and points it at the heart.

Perch'd like a raven on ſome blaſted yew,
Let Guilt revolve the thought-diſtracting ſin:
Scar'd—while her eyes ſurvey th' etherial blue,
Leſt heav'n's ſtrong lightning burſt the dark within.

Then paint, impending o'er the mad'ning deep,
That rock where heart-ſtruck Sappho, vainly brave,
Stood firm of ſoul;—then from the dizzy ſteep
Impetuous ſprung, and daſh'd the boiling wave.

Here wrapt in ſtudious thought, let Fancy rove,
Still prompt to mark Suſpicion's ſecret ſnare,
To ſee where Anguiſh nips the bloom of love,
Or trace proud Grandeur to the domes of Care.

Should e'er Ambition's tow'ring hopes inflame,
Let judging Reaſon draw the veil aſide;
Or fir'd with envy at ſome mighty name,
Read o'er the monument that tells—he dy'd.

What are the enſigns of imperial ſway?
What all that fortune's liberal hands has brought?
Teach they the voice to pour a ſweeter lay?
Or rouſe the ſoul to more exalted thought?

When bleeds the heart as genius blooms unknown, (bier;
When melts the eye o'er virtue's mournful
Not wealth, but pity, ſwells the burſting groan,
Not power, but whiſp'ring Nature, prompts the tear.

Say, gentle mourner, in your mouldy vault,
Where the worm fattens on ſome ſcepter'd brow, (fraught,
Beneath that roof, with ſculptur'd marble
Why ſleeps, unmov'd, the breathleſs duſt below?

Sleeps it more ſweetly than the ſimple ſwain,
Beneath ſome moſſy turf that reſts his head?
Where the lone widow tells the nights her pain,
And eve, with dewy tear, embalms the dead.

The lily, ſcreen'd from ev'ry ruder gale,
Courts not the cultur'd ſpot where roſes ſpring,
But blows neglected in the peaceful vale,
And ſcents the zephyr's balmy-breathing wing.

The buſts of Grandeur, and the pomp of Pow'r
Can theſe bid ſorrows guſhing tears ſubſide?
Can theſe avail in that tremendous hour,
When death's cold hand congeals the purple tide?

Ah no!—the mighty names are heard no more,
Pride's thought ſublime, and beauty's kindling bloom,
Serve but to ſport one flying moment o'er,
And ſwell with pompous verſe the 'ſcutcheon'd tomb.

For me.—may paſſion ne'er my ſoul invade,
Nor be the whims of tow'ring phrenzy giv'n;
Let wealth ne'er court me from the peaceful ſhade,
Where contemplation wings the ſoul to heav'n.

O guard me ſafe from joy's enticing ſnare!
With each extreme that pleaſure tries to hide,
The poiſon'd breath of ſlow conſuming care,
The noiſe of folly, and the dreams of pride.

But oft when midnight's ſadly ſolemn knell
Sounds long and diſtant from the ſky-topt-tower,
Calm let me ſit in Proſp'ro's lonely cell *,
Or walk with Milton thro' the dark obſcure.

Thus, when the tranſient dream of life is fled,
May ſome ſad friend recall the former years,
Then ſtretch'd in ſilence o'er my dulky bed,
Pour the warm guſh of ſympathetic tears.

ODE *for* EASTER-DAY.

THE Lord of life is ris'n; the grave in vain
Strove to detain him in its dreary bound;
He burſt the tenfold adamantine chain,
Returning with celeſtial glory crown'd.

Firſt fruit of thoſe that ſlept! the wand'ring fold,
By him reſtor'd, in ſeether paſtures feed;
In him their great deliv'rer they behold,
And ſeek his ſhelter in the time of need.

This branch of JESSE;—babe at Bethlem born,
Deſpis'd of men, but honour'd from above,
Rever'd by angels, on this ſacred morn
Gave death (death's wound), and us his pledge of love.

Full of his FATHER, grace, truth, wiſdom, peace,
To mortal man he brought; from him ſtill flow
Thoſe gifts eternal, which ſhall never ceaſe
To all that hear his ſacred word below.

Long had the dreary world in darkneſs ſat,
'Ere yet they heard the Heav'nly Teacher's voice;
But now the cloud diſpell'd, with hearts elate,
Live in his light, and in his reign rejoice.

Great Sun of Juſtice!—thy enliv'ning ray
Pervades the nations—through the horrid gloom
The Gentiles ſtill perceive thy bright'ning day;
Kings *to the brightneſs of thy riſing come!*

Glory to God on high!—Eternal word!
Glory to thee, whom hoſts cœleſtial praiſe,
The Saviour of the world, the living Lord,
Let all the ſons of Adam join the lays!

This joyful morn we hail! whoſe orient light
Triumphant ſaw the living Lord ariſe;
Diſpell'd the ſhades of death's cold dreary night,
And gain'd our bright reverſion in the ſkies.

ARCAS.

* *See Shakſpeare's Tempeſt.*

VERSES *written under the Picture of Biſhop* BERKELEY *by a Young Gentleman, whoſe Health had been re-eſtabliſhed by Means of Tar Water, Jan.* 13.

IN vain, O Berkely, to this piece we truſt
Thy mem'ry: this, like thee, ſhall ſoon be duſt.
A firmer monument thy merits claim,
Thine own immortal works ſhall tell thy fame.
There, in the beſt reſemblance, all ſhall ſee
Truth, virtue, learning, wit, and piety.
Yet let me (thankful for that wond'rous pow'r,
By which thou haſt prolong'd my vital hour,
Let me) this off'ring to thy praiſe impart,
And aid the painter's with the poet's art.
My verſe, perhaps, to this frail piece may give
An added date, and make it longer live.
O born, at once, to bleſs and heal mankind!
To heal the body, and reform the mind,
How much at variance with each other lie
Thy ſkill in phyſic and divinity:
You teach, yet will not ſuffer, us to die.

C. S.

EPIGRAM. *By* DEAN SWIFT.

YOU are always making a god of your ſpouſe,
But this neither reaſon nor conſcience allows.
Perhaps you will ſay, 'tis in gratitude due,
And you adore him becauſe he adores you.
Your argument's weak, and ſo you will find,
For you, by this rule, muſt adore all mankind.

THE REVIEW.

Select Letters between the late Dutchess of Somerset, *Lady* Luxborough, *Miss* Dolman, *Mr* Whistler, *Mr* R. Dodsley, William Shenstone, *Esq*; *and others; including a Sketch of the Manners, Laws, &c. of the Republic of Venice, and some poetical Pieces; the whole now first published from the original Copies, by Mr* Hull *. 2 vols. 8vo. 12s. bound. Dodsley. 1778.

NOTWITHSTANDING that some "trifles, light as air," may be found in these volumes, many of the letters are so far worthy of the public attention, as to afford an ample compensation for the inferiority of their unimportant companions: on the whole, therefore, the lovers of this species of literary entertainment are obliged to Mr Hull for the collection. Some agreeable pieces of poetry are interspersed; among which, *The Diamond*, an original poem, in two cantos, by Mr Shenstone, merits distinction. One of the Editor's ingenious female correspondents prefers it to Pope's *Rape of the Lock*, as possessing, in particular, greater delicacy of sentiment.—The Rape of the Lock, however, with deference to the Lady's judgment, is, yet, an unrivalled performance.

Among the letters, those of the late Duchess of Somerset seem to claim the preference. They truly deserve the character prefixed to them by Mr Shenstone, in his transcript, viz. "Copies of Letters from her Grace the Duchess Dowager of SOMERSET (formerly Countess of *Hertford*), in which is discernible a perfect rectitude of heart, delicacy of sentiment, and a truly classic ease and elegance of style. There are many of them tinged with an air of melancholy, through the loss of her only son Lord Beauchamp."

Several of the *younger* ladies, too, make a pleasing appearance in this literary groupe: a Miss F. is sprightly and humorous; and a Miss N. is equally sensible and entertaining.

Some of Mr Shenstone's letters are, likewise, worthy the regard of the public, as they truly mark the writer's character, by that mixed air of chearfulness and pensiveness which is observable in those parts of his epistolary correspondence printed in former collections of his works.—Poor Shenstone does not appear to have been altogether an happy man. Perhaps his retired life was not quite suitable to his natural disposition. His rural scenery was pleasant in the summer, and while enlivened with company; but in the gloom of winter, and in solitude, he was subject to the spleen;—and the limits of his fortune would not allow him to seek relief in the amusements of the town.

The subsequent letter seems to give a perfect picture of Mr Shenstone's turn of mind. Reynolds might almost paint his portrait from it.

W. Shenstone, Esq; to Lady *Luxborough*.

"Dear Madam, *The Leasowes*.

"THOUGH I think it a sort of maxim, that a person in London seldom complains he is forgotten by his friends in the country, yet I cannot, by any means, prevail upon my conscience to acquit me of a sort of disrespectful silence, since your ladyship went to town. It was not either the politics or the amusements of our great metropolis, that could make the letters of your friends appear impertinent, or even indifferent to you; and though the sublime entertainment you must receive from the conversation of so great a man as Lord Bolingbroke, might bid the fairest to do so, yet was I not without conviction, that your ladyship would feel some sort of complacency upon the sight of a scrip of paper, which should acquaint you that I was alive.

"Alive, indeed, I am; at least, if it may be called so, to exist among a set of people, whose employments, passions, and sentiments, are entirely foreign to my own; and where I see, and hear, and do nothing, but what I think may as well be left unseen, unheard, and undone. What can your ladyship expect from a correspondent so situated, beside pure respect and friendship, and many artless assurances of their reality and continuance?

"Mr O—— stayed pretty near a week with me. He has, I think, strict honour, good nature, and good sense. What he wants, in my eye, is a little genuine taste; for though good sense may, by degrees, enable a person to discover the beauties of nature or art, yet it can never furnish him with any extraordinary relish or en-

* *Of Covent Garden theatre; author of several dramatic pieces.*

joyment of them, which is the effect of innate taſte alone, and which differs as widely from the former, as the palate differs from the brain. Your ladyſhip has, I dare ſay, frequently made the ſame obſervation.

"You will hear Sir Thomas Lyttleton, notwithſtanding he complained always of his head, died of a polypus in the great artery; which, I do not find, was ever, in the leaſt, ſuſpected by his phyſicians; but which, if it had been ever ſo apparent, they could not poſſibly have cured. You will imagine that his death muſt have thrown a ſort of gloom round the villages in his neighbourhood. A numerous and fashionable family animates a country place to an inconceivable degree. The family at Hagley will be immediately diſperſed. Miſs Lyttleton goes to Lady Litchfield's, to the colonel's, to London, and does not think to ſettle. Miſs Weſt goes firſt to Stow, and then intends to reſide with her brother the commodore. Sir George and his lady ſet out for London to-morrow, and as they propoſe to build, next ſpring, upon the *old foundation*, it may be many years 'ere they come to reſide amongſt us, even for a ſmall part of the ſummer.

"Lord Dudley and I dined together at Hagley laſt Wedneſday, where we found Lord Anſon's brother, and ſome other company. Mr Miller unluckily aſked me at table, how I liked the new ſituation of their column; which threw me under a neceſſity of offending either againſt the rules of politeneſs, or (what is more revered with me) the laws of ſincerity. The truth is, I do not like it upon many accounts; and I am perſuaded, before many years are paſt, they will be of the ſame mind. But leaſt of all do I approve their intentions of building three new fronts, and altering every room by a Gothic model, and that with an eye to frugality, at the ſame time that they have not an inch of Gothiciſm about the houſe, to warp their imagination that way. But this ſubject never fails to lead me too far; nor can I explain myſelf to the full, unleſs I could ſhew your ladyſhip their plan. The fine ſituation they have, within an hundred yards, they neglect; in ſhort, as it appears to me, they are going to ſacrifice an opportunity of rendering their place complete, for the ſake of an imperfect, but expenſive ſpecimen of Gothic architecture; which, not having its foundation either in truth or proportion, will fall into diſgrace again in the courſe of a few years—Can one then bear crying out, "The graces droop"—"Am I in Greece or in Gothland?" But as their reſolution ſeems fixed, I mention this in confidence, and muſt, for the future, lay my finger on my mouth.

"Mr S——— has ſo mangled and diſfigured my grove, that I dare not ſend it to your ladyſhip, till he has altered the plate, ſo as to render it leſs intolerable. Fluellin, as I remember, in Shakeſpeare, ſpeaking of the near reſemblance betwixt Macedon and Monmouth, obſerves, "There is a river in Macedon, there is a river alſo in Monmouth—peradventure, there be fiſh in both.—Would you deſire better ſimilitude?" S—— being a modeſt man, has ſeemed to content himſelf with ſome degree of reſemblance: but I wiſh him well, and will cauſe him, one day, to do the place juſtice, for his own ſake as well as mine—for his own, as his piece will be ſeen by many who know the place, —and for mine, as the place is known to afford the beſt ſcene I have. I am, &c.

W. SHENSTONE."

Another to the ſame lady, on the death of his brother, will not fail to affect our readers, and to make them love the writer.

"Dear Madam, *Dec.* 30. 1751.

"I had wrote to your ladyſhip long before this time, to acknowledge the kindneſs of your letter and preſent: but I have a moſt deplorable account to give of my delay, and what ſo good a friend as yourſelf will not read without a ſigh. Alas, dear Madam, I have loſt my only brother! A more ſincere or truly affectionate one never bore the name. I cannot now add more; though I ſhould not want matter to expatiate upon his merit, if I were not at the ſame time to revive and lament the loſs of it. He is gone before me in the very prime of his days, and 'ere the force of his underſtanding, or the benevolence of his heart, has been half exerted or known.

"Future letters, and other converſations, may afford me an opportunity to pour out all my ſoul; at preſent I am not enough maſter of myſelf. I find all my views intercepted: my ſchemes, meaſures, and even my heart itſelf, to be well nigh broken. I have loſt that ſpirit of a man, which alone is able to ſuſtain

his infirmities. Every object round me, that was once the ſource of my amuſement, revives a train of ideas that I can hardly render ſupportable. I procure a ſet of low friends to chat around me, and call off my attention. But the greateſt relief I have found, ſince the fatal cloſe of November, is what I have drawn from ſtupefaction.

"Pardon me, my good lady; I do not mean to make a diſplay of my affliction. I mention it, that you may account for, and excuſe any omiſſions or improprieties in your unfortunate correſpondent.

"Since this unhappy cataſtrophe, it has been my lot to hear of one that muſt nearly affect your ladyſhip. Believe me, my honoured lady, I am far from being an unconcerned obſerver of events, that muſt afford you either pleaſure or pain. But I am not in a condition to receive relief, and how can I pretend to give it? One thing, however, I will ſuggeſt—I think Cæſar confeſſed at an earlier period of life than what my Lord Bolingbroke arrived at, that he had lived enough, either in regard to nature or to glory.

"During the height of our afflictions, we can ſcarce believe it poſſible they ſhould ever wear off. In my caſe, there are ſome particulars which render it improbable they ſhould. Yet time, we find, alleviates the misfortunes of others, and it is fitting we ſhould hope implicitly, that it may ſome-how diminiſh our own.

"I will excuſe your ladyſhip from dwelling upon the ſubject. Aſſure me only of the continuance of your eſteem, and it will be of greater ſervice than whole volumes of philoſophy.

"Pray be ſo good as to write or dictate a letter to me. I earneſtly pray that it may be the former. I am, dear Madam, with all the tenderneſs of my preſent ſtate of mind, your moſt

obliged, faithful,
and very affectionate ſervant,
W. SHENSTONE."

"This is the third time I have begun this letter without being able to finiſh it till now. If your ladyſhip will favour me with a line, I hope to be able to anſwer it without the ſame difficulty.

"I have ſome thoughts of waiting on you at Barrels for a week, when I hear you are come down; but I have had a kind of nervous fever, for which I have been taking medicines. This I did, tho' I knew at the ſame time how ineffectual they muſt prove. I was taking drugs from the ſhop to cure anxiety of the mind." [*To be concluded in our next.*]

Eſſays on the Nature and Immutability of Truth, in Oppoſition to Sophiſtry and Scepticiſm; on Poetry and Muſic, as they affect they Mind; on Laughter, and ludicrous Compoſition; on the Utility of Claſſical Learning. By James Beattie, *LL. D.* [P. 96.]

IN the ſecond chapter the author treats of the extent and merit of imitative muſic, of the pleaſure we derive from muſic, and the peculiarities of national muſic.

The next article in this publication is an Eſſay on Laughter and Ludicrous Compoſition.

In this ingenious ſpeculation the author has analized and explained "that quality in things or ideas, which makes them provoke pure laughter, and entitles them to the name of ludicrous or laughable *. If then it be aſked, What is that quality in things which makes them provoke that pleaſing emotion or ſentiment, whereof laughter is the external ſign, he anſwers, It is an uncommon mixture of relation and contrariety, exhibited, or ſuppoſed to be united, in the ſame aſſemblage. If again it be aſked, Whether ſuch a mixture will always provoke laughter? he replies, It will always, or for the moſt part, excite the riſible emotion, unleſs when the perception of it is attended with ſome other emotion of greater authority, ſuch as moral diſapprobation, pity, fear, diſguſt, admiration, &c.

Having obſerved, that wickedneſs is no object of laughter, he makes the following judicious remarks on the ſatires of Horace and Juvenal.

"As to ſatire, we muſt obſerve, that it is of two ſorts, the comic and the ſerious; that human foibles are the proper objects of the former, and vices and

* This word has been lately introduced, and is often uſed by Dr Beattie; but it ſeems to be a term which neither our language requires, nor analogy can juſtify. A *laughable* object can never ſignify an object, which the ſpectator *laughs at*. To *laugh* is a verb neuter or intranſitive, and the preposition is neceſſary to connect it with the object. *Come-at-able*, though a vulgar term, has an obvious meaning; but, if the prepoſition is omitted, it conveys no idea. *Laughable*, we are inclined to think, is equally unintelligible and barbarous.

crimes of the latter; and that it ought to be the aim of the ſatiriſt to make thoſe ridiculous, and theſe deteſtable. I know not how it comes to paſs, that the comic ſatire ſhould be ſo much in vogue; but I find that the generality of critics are all for the moderation and ſmiling graces of the courtly Horace, and exclaim againſt the vehemence and vindictive zeal of the unmannerly Juvenal. They may as well blame Sophocles for not adopting the ſtyle of Ariſtophanes, and inſiſt that Cicero ſhould have arraigned Verres in the language of Anacreon. Nor do Horace and Juvenal admit of compariſon in this reſpect, any more than a chapter of the Tale of a Tub can be compared with one of the Saturday's papers in the Spectator. Theſe poets had different views, and took different ſubjects; and therefore it was right that there ſhould be a difference in their manner of writing. Had Juvenal made a jeſt of the crimes of his contemporaries, all the world would have called him a bad writer and a bad man. And had Horace, with the ſeverity of Juvenal, attacked the impertinence of coxcombs, the pedantry of the Stoics, the faſtidiouſneſs of luxury, and the folly of avarice, he would have proved himſelf ignorant of the nature of things, and even of the meaning of his own precept:

"——————*Adſit*
Regula, peccatis quæ pœnas irroget æquas,
Ne ſontica dignum horribili ſectere flagello,

That neither Horace nor Juvenal ever endeavoured to make us laugh at crimes, I will not affirm; but for every indiſcretion of this kind they are to be condemned, not imitated. And this is not the general character of their ſatire. Horace laughed at the follies and foibles of mankind; ſo far he did well. But Juvenal (if his indecencies had died with himſelf) might, as a moral ſatiriſt, be ſaid to have done better. Fired with honeſt indignation at the unexampled degeneracy of his age; and, diſdaining that tameneſs of expreſſion and ſervility of ſentiment, which in ſome caſes are infallible marks of a daſtardly ſoul, he dragged vice from the bower of pleaſure and from the throne of empire, and exhibited her to the world, not in a ludicrous attitude, but in her genuine form: a form of ſuch loathſome uglineſs, and hideous diſtortion, as cannot be viewed without horror."

In the concluſion of this eſſay the author attempts to account for the ſuperiority of the moderns, compared with the ancients, in ludicrous compoſition.

There are many circumſtances, he thinks, which will convince us, that modern ridicule is more copious and more refined, than that of the ancients. We have greatly the advantage of the ancients in moſt branches of philoſophy and natural hiſtory. Hence we derive an endleſs multitude of notions and ideas unknown to antiquity, which by being differently combined and compared, give riſe to innumerable varieties of that ſpecies of ludicrous aſſociation, which is called wit. The moderns are better inſtructed in all the varieties of human manners. Their improvements in commerce, geography, and navigation, have wonderfully extended their knowledge of mankind within the two laſt centuries. Chivalry, religious controverſy, gallantry, cuſtoms in regard to dreſs, &c. have opened new ſources of ridicule.

With reſpect to the ſuperior refinement of modern ridicule, he ſays,—Nothing perhaps has more effectually ſoftened converſation by diſcountenancing indelicacy, and by promoting good humour, gentle manners, and a deſire to pleaſe, than the ſociety of the fair ſex; an acquiſition, of which neither the ſages of Greece and Rome, nor the voluptuaries of Aſia, ever knew the value; and for which Europe is indebted to the refinements peculiar to modern gallantry. It is obſervable that in modern times monarchy gives the law to thoſe parts of the world, that aſpire to a literary character, as republican government did of old. Now monarchy, he thinks, is, on ſeveral accounts, more favourable to a general politeneſs. The example of a court is alone ſufficient to make it faſhionable. Laſtly, he obſerves, that the meek and benevolent ſpirit of our religion has had a powerful influence in humanizing ſociety, and refining converſation. On all theſe accounts the moderns have greatly excelled the ancients on ſubjects of wit and humour.

[*To be continued.*]

JAMAICA, *a Poem, in Three Parts.* 4to. 1s. 6d. Nicoll.

THE author of this poem informs us, that, upon his going to Jamaica, he was captivated with the proſpect of the country, and the deliciouſneſs of its fruits; but, at the ſame time, ſhocked at the cru-

elty of the planters, and the miſeries of the ſlaves. His deſign is to celebrate the various *beauties* of the iſland, and, if poſſible, to perſuade the planters to adopt a milder diſcipline in the management of their negroes.

This piece is a juvenile production, and has ſome deſcriptions in it which are not a little groteſque. The following lines, for example, exhibit a ſingular tete-a-tete, an image of gallantry in the vegetable creation.

" Here orang'd boughs their yellow cluſters join,
And *pears* and *pumpkins*, like to lovers, twine "

The enſuing couplet ſuggeſts likewiſe an idea of rural courtſhip: but it is deſcribed with an enigmatical obſcurity.

" Romantic tow'rs 'midſt gloomy groves appear:
There fails the breeze, wheels *court* the rivers here."

Theſe lovers are, what the reader cannot eaſily gueſs, wind and water-mills, uſed in grinding ſugar-canes.

We have ſometimes heard of building caſtles in the air. Here the poet has exalted a cabbage-tree to ſuch an elevation, that its roots *reaching the earth*, is mentioned as a circumſtance worthy of notice.

" Pride of the mount, to *ſoar aloft* is given,
His *roots the earth*, his branches reach the heav'n."

Demetrius Phalerius, in his Treatiſe on Elocution, cenſures an hiſtorian for his pompous deſcription of a waſp: " It feeds," ſays he, " on the mountains, and flies into hollow oaks," ſect. 330. It ſeems, ſays Demetrius, as if he were ſpeaking of a wild bull, or the boar of Erymanthus, and not of ſuch a pitiful creature as a waſp. Our author, in deſcribing th emuſquitoes, preſents us with juſt ſuch a ſwelling image.

" ——Fan me from the bloody bite
Of keen muſquitoes, *who inſert their bills*,
Fill their ſmall tubes, *and drink the blood in rills*."

An ignorant reader would certainly conclude from this deſcription, that theſe Weſt Indian gnats are as big as ſnipes or woodcocks.

But notwithſtanding theſe and the like puerilities, it muſt be allowed, that this poetical ſketch has ſome degree of merit; it is written with a benevolent intention, and gives us a good idea of the country.

The Devil on Two Sticks; a Comedy in three Acts; as it is performed at the Theatre-Royal in the Hay-market. *Written by the late* Samuel Foote, *Eſq; and now publiſhed by Mr* Colman. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Cadell. 1778.

THIS has always been, on the ſtage, the moſt popular of the author's pieces. In the cloſet it has great merit, but does not ſo eminently tranſcend his other dramas. The accidental loſs of a limb ſuggeſted to the ingenious writer, the idea of ſeizing the novel of Le Sage as his canvas, which he has happily filled and warmly coloured. The apothecaries, Julep, and Apozem, the doctors Squib and Laſt, together with the venerable Preſident, &c. &c. form a lively and entertaining groupe; and the whim and pleaſantry of the ſiege of Warwick lane are irreſiſtible.

The following humorous ſcence is taken from the third act of this comedy, in which Dr Laſt is introduced to the college in order to ſtand his examination. The intelligent reader not be told that the ſatire of the poet is principally levelled at the ridiculous diſputes which took place ſome few years ſince between the Fellows of the College and the Licentiates.

SCENE, *The* COLLEGE.

DEVIL (as Hellebore, the Preſident), Camphire, Calomel, Secretary, and Pupils, diſcovered.

SECRETARY.

THE Licentiates, Sir, will ſoon be at hand.

Hel. Let them!

Cal. We will do our duty however; and, like the patricians of old, receive with ſilence theſe Viſigoths in the Senate.

Hel. I am not, Dr Calomel, of ſo pacific a turn; let us keep the evil out of doors, if we can; if not, *vim vi*, repel force with force.—Barricado the gates!

Sec. It is done.

Hel. Are the buckets and fire-engines fetched from St Dunſtan's?

Sec. They have been here, Sir, this half-hour.

Hel. Let twelve apothecaries be placed at the pump, and their apprentices ſupply 'em with water:

Sec. Yes, Sir.

Hel. But let the engines be play'd by

old Jollup, from James-ſtreet! Not one of the trade has a better hand at directing a pipe.

Sec. Mighty well, Sir.

Hel. In the time of ſiege, every citizen ought in duty to ſerve.—Having thus, brothers, provided a proper defence, let us coolly proceed to our buſineſs. Is there any body here to demand a licence to-day?

Sec. A practitioner, Mr Preſident, out of the country.

Hel. Are the cuſtomary fees all diſcharged?

Sec. All, Sir.

Hel. Then let our cenſors, Dr Chriſtopher Camphire and Dr Cornelius Calomel, introduce the petitioner for examination.

[Exeunt Camphire and Calomel. After this duty is diſpatch'd, we will then read the college and ſtudents a lecture.

Enter Camphire and Calomel with Laſt.

Laſt. Firſt, let me lay down my ſhoes.

[They advance, with three bows, to the table.]

Hel. Let the candidate be placed on a ſtool. What's the Doctor's name?

Sec. Emanuel Laſt, Mr Preſident.

Hel. Dr Laſt, you have petitioned the College to obtain a licence for the practice of phyſic; and, though we have no doubt of your great ſkill and abilities, yet our duty compels us previouſly to aſk a few queſtions:—what academy had the honour to form you?

Laſt. Anan!

Hel. We want to know the name of the place where you have ſtudied the ſcience of phyſic.

Laſt. Dunſtable.

Hel. That's ſome German univerſity; ſo he can never belong to the College.

All. Never; oh, no.

Hel. Now, Sir, with regard to your phyſiological knowledge. By what means, Dr Laſt, do you diſcover that a man is not well?

Laſt. By his complaint that he is ill.

Hel. Well replied! no ſurer prognoſtic.

All. Non ſurer.

Hel. Then, as to recovering a ſubject that is ill.—Can you venture to undertake the cure of an ague?

Laſt. With arra a man in the country.

Hel. By what means?

Laſt. By a charm.

Hel. And pray of what materials may that charm be compos'd?

Laſt. I won't tell; 'tis a ſecret.

Hel. Well replied! the College has no right to pry into ſecrets.

All. Oh, no; by no means.

Hel. But now, Dr Laſt, to proceed in due form; are you qualified to adminiſter remedies to ſuch diſeaſes as belong to the head?

Laſt. I believe I may.

Hel. Name ſome to the College.

Laſt. The tooth-ach.

Hel. What do you hold the beſt method to treat it?

Laſt. I pulls 'em up by the roots.

Hel. Well replied, brothers! that, without doubt, is a radical cure.

All. Without doubt.

Hel. Thus far as to the head: proceed we next to the middle. When, Dr Laſt, you are called on to a patient with a pain in his bowels, what then is your method of practice?

Laſt. I claps a trencher hot to the parts

Hel. Embrocation; very well! But, if this application ſhould fail, what is the next ſtep that you take?

Laſt. I gie's a vomit and a purge.

Hel. Well replied! for it is plain there is a diſagreeable gueſt in the houſe; he has opened both doors; if he will go out at neither, it is none of his fault.

All. Oh, no; by no means.

Hel. We have now diſpatched the middle and head: come we finally to the other extremity, the feet! Are you equally ſkilful in the diſorders incidental to them?

Laſt. I believe I may.

Hel. Name ſome.

Laſt. I have a great vogue all our ways for curing of corns.

Hel. What are the means that you uſe?

Laſt. I cuts them out.

Hel. Well replied! extirpation: no better method of curing can be. Well, brethren, I think we may now, after this ſtrict and impartial enquiry, ſafely certify, that Dr Laſt, from top to toe, is an able phyſician.

All. Very able, very able, indeed.

Hel. And every way qualified to proceed in his practice.

All. Every way qualified.

Hel. You may deſcend, Dr Laſt. [Laſt takes his ſeat among them.] Secretary, firſt read, and then give the doctor his licence.

Sec. [Reads.] "To all whom theſe

preſents may come greeting. Know ye, that, after a moſt ſtrict and ſevere inquiſition, not only into the great ſkill and erudition, but the morals of Dr Emanuel Laſt, We are authoriſed to grant unto the ſaid doctor full power, permiſſion, and licence, to pill, bolus, lotion, potion, draught, doſe, drench, purge, bleed, bliſter, clyſter, cup, ſcarify, ſyringe, ſalivate, couch, flux, ſweat, diet, dilute, tap, plaiſter, and poultice, all perſons, in all diſeaſes, of all ages, conditions and ſexes. And we do ſtrictly command and enjoin all ſurgeons, apothecaries, with their apprentices, all midwives, male, female, and nurſes, at all times, to be aiding and aſſiſting to the ſaid Dr Emanuel Laſt. And we do further charge all mayors, juſtices, aldermen, ſheriffs, bailiffs, headboroughs, conſtables, and coroners, not to moleſt or intermeddle with the ſaid doctor, if any party whom he ſhall ſo pill, bolus, lotion, potion, draught, doſe, drench, purge, bleed, bliſter, clyſter, cup, ſcarify, ſyringe, ſalivate, couch, flux, ſweat, diet, dilute, tap, plaiſter, and poultice, ſhould happen to die, but to deem that the ſaid party died a natural death, any thing appearing to the contrary notwithſtanding. Given under our hands, &c. Hercules Hellebore, Cornelius Calomel, Chriſtopher Camphire.

Laſt. Then, if a patient die, they muſt not ſay that I kill'd him?

Hel. They ſay! Why, how ſhould they know, when it is not one time in twenty that we know it ourſelves!—Proceed we now to the lecture. [They all riſe and come forward to the table.] Brethren and ſtudents, I am going to open to you ſome notable diſcoveries that I have made, reſpecting the ſource, or primary cauſe, of all diſtempers incidental to the human machine: and theſe, brethren, I attribute to certain animalcula, or piſcatory entities, that inſinuate themſelves thro' the pores into the blood, and in that fluid ſport, toſs and tumble about like mackrel or cod-fiſh in the great deep: and to convince you that this is not a mere *gratis dictum*, an hypotheſis only, I will give you demonſtrative proof. Bring hither the microſcope!

Enter a Servant with the microſcope.

Doctor Laſt, regard this receiver. Take a peep.

Laſt. Where?

Hel. There. Thoſe two yellow drops there were drawn from a ſubject afflicted with the jaundice.—Well, what d'ye ſee?

Laſt. Some little creatures like yellow flies, that are hopping and ſkipping about.

Hel. Right. Theſe yellow flies give the tinge to the ſkin, and, undoubtedly, cauſe the diſeaſe: and, now, for the cure: I adminiſter to every patient the two-and-fiftieth part of a ſcruple of the ovaria or eggs of the ſpider; theſe are thrown by the digeſtive powers into the ſecretory, there ſeparated from the alimentory, and then precipated into the circulatory; where, finding a proper nidus, or neſt, they quit their torpid ſtate, and vivify, and, upon vivification, diſcerning the flies, their natural food, they immediately fall foul of them, extirpate the race out of the blood, and reſtore the patient to health.

Laſt. And what becomes of the ſpiders?

Hel. Oh, they die, you know, for want of nutrition. Then I ſend the patient down to Brighthelmſtone; and a couple of dips in the ſalt water waſhes the cobwebs intirely out of the blood. Now, gentlemen, with reſpect to the—

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, Mr Forceps, from the hoſpital.

Hel. The hoſpital! is this a time to—

Enter Forceps.

Well, Forceps, what's your will?

For. To know, Sir, what you would have done with the hoſpital patients to-day?

Hel. To-day! why, what was done yeſterday?

For. Sir, we bled the Weſt ward, and jalaped the North.

Hel. Did ye? why then, bleed the North ward, and jalap the Weſt to-day.

[Exit For.

Now, I ſay, brethren—

Enter Servant.

Serv. The Licentiates are drawn up at the gate.

Hel. Who leads 'em?

Serv. They are led on by Sligo: they demand inſtant entrance, and threaten to ſtorm.

Hel. Doctors Calomel and Camphire, our two aids-de-camp, ſurvey their preſent poſture, and report it to us.

Without. Huzza!

Hel. Bid old Jollup be ready to unmaſk the engine at the word of command.

Enter Camphire.

Hel. Now, Dr Camphire?

Camp. The ſledge-hammers are come, and they prepare to batter in breach.

Hel. Let the engine be play'd off at the very firſt blow! [Exit Camp.

Without. Huzza!

Enter Calomel.

Hel. Now, Doctor?

Cal. The firſt fire has demoliſhed Dr Fingerfee's foretop.

Hel. That's well! [Exit Cal.

Enter Camphire.

Now, Doctor?

Camp. The ſecond fire has dropped the ſtuff buckles of Dr Oſafafras.

Hel. Better and better! [Exit Camp.

Enter Calomel.

Now, Doctor?

Cal. Both the knots of Dr Anodyne's tye are diſſolved.

Hel. Beſt of all! [Exit Cal.

Enter Camphire.

Now, Doctor?

Camp. As Dr Sligo, with open mouth, drove furiouſly on, he received a full ſtream in his teeth, and is retired from the field dropping wet.

Hel. Then the day's our own! [Exit Camp.

Enter Calomel.

Now, Doctor?

Cal. All is loſt! Dr Sligo, recruited by a bumper of Drogheda, is returned with freſh vigour.

Hel. Let our whole force be pointed at him! [Exit Cal.

Enter Camphire.

Now, Doctor?

Camp. The ſiege ſlackens; Dr Broadbrim, with Serjeant Demur, are arrived in the camp. Exit Camp.

Hel. What can that mean?

Enter Calomel.

Cal. Serjeant Demur has thrown this manifeſto over the gate. [Exit Cal.

Hel. [looking at the parchment] Ha! "Middleſex to wit. John Doe and Richard Roe." It is a challenge to meet 'em at Weſtminſter-hall; then we have breathing-time till the term.

Enter Laſt.

Now, Doctor?

Laſt. I have forgot my ſhoes. [Takes 'em up and exit.

Hel. Oh!

Enter Camphire.

Camp. The Licentiates fill off towards Fleet-ſtreet.

Hel. Follow all, and harraſs the rear! leave not a dry thread among them. Huzza! [Exeunt.

The MAN *of* EXPERIENCE: *or, the Adventures of* HONORIUS. *By* Mr Thiſſlethwaite, 2 *vols.* 12*mo.* 6*s. ſewed.* Booſey.

STERNE and Goldſmith ſeem to have been intimate acquaintances of our author—but from the latter he has not learnt the art of working up incidents naturally, nor from the former the ability of relating them ludicrouſly or affectingly. We queſtion whether "The Man of Experience" may not rather induce the reader to think ill, than well, of the world—a doctrine which, as men of experience, we cannot fail to condemn.

The ſtory of theſe two volumes is this—Honorius, an advocate for the depravity of human nature, begins a journey with our author in order to be made a convert to the contrary opinion. In the courſe of this five days' journey they meet with four or five characters, who relate the miſeries they have ſuffered, as it appears at laſt, by the ſame perſon; which perſon, for the dignity of the ſtory, is a lord. All the parties, at the concluſion of the ſecond volume, meet together, rather wonderfully, at Maidenhead; when his lordſhip repents, and "The Man of Experience" finiſhes with theſe words from the mouth of Honoriu —

"Ah then, ſaid Honorius, I at laſt find by experience, that altho' mankind are corrupt, they are not totally irreclaimable. And, notwithſtanding too many of them are proud, ſelfiſh, and inſincere, yet there are ſome amongſt them capable of honour and the refinements of friendſhip. I will henceforward think them ſo."

To our CORRESPONDENTS.

We muſt be cautious with reſpect to PHILOMATHES, his concluſion being rather too perſonal.

The *Chearful Society* under review.—We wiſh they would chuſe a more correct clerk.

LEANDER ſeems to have a Britiſh ſpirit; but, alas! is not very well qualified to celebrate that ſpirit *in verſe*. His poem, indeed, is terrific enough; and we are afraid might make the tender part of our readers tremble as well as France or Spain.

EUGENIO ſhall have a place.

J. H. will require ſome correction.—As alſo the *Tears of Friendſhip*.

ECHO's Elegy is by far too long for our ſmall limits, but ſhall be conſidered.

The ſtanzas on V——e mere ſing-ſong.